

AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.



Weep, Thaly Weep!

By BOSCHERECCIO. D 2c

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L. A. S.

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH

OF
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

SWEET Wag! whose Voice was wont to cheer
Our Theatres from Year to Year;
Whom many a Summer we have seen,
The merriest Songster on the Green;
Whose Wit Hibernia's Sons could charm,
And Scottish Climes with Wagg'ry warm;
Whether in borrow'd Bush of Hair,
He ap'd the smirking Auctioneer;

Or strutting big a Major bold,
 The dire Dismay at Hounslow told;
 How a whole Herd of Beeves took fright,
 And put the City Files to flight;
 Allow'd to glad our Scenes awhile,
 Once the Delight of Albion's Isle!
 In many a Tale who charm'd before,
 Is doom'd alas—to charm no more!

When * Mercury had trac'd the Rover,
 The furlly Ferryman at Dover
 Took in the Wag and wafted over,
 Old Charon in his batter'd Bark;
 But hark? what dismal Voices, hark?
 What Sound is that, or rather Groan,
 That issues out of Lud's great Town;
 Loud as the Billows beat the Shore,
 And universal as their Roar?
 Through the whole Isle the Moanings spread;
 'Tis Samuel, Samuel, Samuel's dead!
 Ye Swans of Thames prepare to chime,
 Who out of Mud, Fog, Darkness rhyme;

* See Lucan's Dialogues.

He died at Dover in his Way to France, October 1777.

Croak Elegies, and Ditties bring,
 With footy Plume of Raven's Wing,
 The doleful Dirge, the Song prepare,
 In Ledger, Post, or Gazetteer,
 Squeeze out the Maudlin Muse's Tear? }
 Ye Hags that chant in Streets for Gain,
 Cull out the Melancholic Strain?
 Ye Printers Devils stretch your Throats,
 Warble your unmelodious Notes?
 For Foote, who like a Mirror shone,
 Your Aristophanes—is gone?
 Ye laughing Wags that love good Cheer,
 Who his select Companions were;
 As the swift Bottle march'd along,
 With loud Applause to Pœans sung;
 When from his Mouth some lucky Stroke,
 With Drollery of Action broke;
 Expressive Grin, arch Eye and Look,
 Salacious, àpropos, a Joke;
 Ye * Thatch'd-house Blades his Loss deplore,
 For Foote, your Belzebub's—no more!

* Samuel Foote, Esq; was President of a Society held at that Tavern,
 called the Belzebub Club.

Ye Marrow-bones and Cleavers rally?
 Ye Nymphs that ply in every Alley,
 Who to behold the mimic Man,
 To crowd the Play-house Galleries ran;
 From Princes Street to Charing Cross,
 Ye Hedge Lane Nymphs, deplore his Loss;
 To Cytherea make your Moan,
 For Aristophanes—is gone!
 Ye fimm'ring Dames that love Delight,
 Who front the Side-box Rows each Night;
 Ye Prudes, that ambush'd in Disguise,
 Spreading your Fans before your Eyes
 To hide the Blush—that doth not rise,
 And under that commodious Screen
 Take the full Charge of Bawdry in;
 When in your Ears chaste Mother Cole,
 Pour'd forth the Frothings of her Soul;
 And to your Eyes expos'd to View
 A Bagnio Scene and all its Shew;
 Compound of Sanctity and Sin,
 The Porterefs of Charms and Gin?
 Ye merry Wags who laugh at Wit,
 To see Quack, Bawd, or Coxcomb hit;

Who

Who arch Grimace and Pun admire,
 Friends of the Muse and Phœbus fire;
 Who set the Theatres on Roar,
 Your Samuel, your Foote deplore,
 For Foote, your Samuel, is no more!
 " Weep, * Thaly, weep! no more be gay,
 " Throw Socks and Soles and Mask away;
 " With your bare Feet tread sadly on,
 " The melancholy Stage upon;
 " No Flash of Merriment let 'scape,
 " Hang all the dismal Scenes with Crape;
 " To Candle-snuffers make your Moan,
 " For Foote your Luminary's gone!
 " Ye Comic Wits that glad the Age,
 " Who under Thaly's Banners wage;
 " Whether as Manager you shine
 " An humble Slave to serve the Nine;
 " Or charm the Galleries or Pit,
 " Players, or Publishers of Wit;
 " With mangled Rites his Loss deplore,
 " For Samuel, Samuel, is no more!

* Thaly, from Thalia, the Greek Name of the Comic Muse.

" For Foote the Muses merriest Son,
 " To Pluto's Region he is gone;
 " That Soul of Satire, Wit and Whim,
 " Even Death has clapt his Claws on him!"
 Weep, Albion weep! your Loss deplore,
 The British Cenfor is no more!
 No Thrasher now to mouth and rail,
 Whirls round and round his threat'ning Flail;
 To cleanse the Barley from the Chaff,
 The guilty Candidate may laugh;
 The Dame whose Lord is living still,
 May shine a Duchess if she will;
 Nor dread the Bard's dramatic Rage,
 The idle Mockery of the Stage;
 Nabobs their ill-got Wealth may keep,
 And Jobbers o'er their Contracts sleep;
 The Priest may cant, the Bawd and Jew
 Seduction, Usury pursue;
 The Minister may bribe encore,
 For Samuel, Samuel, is no more!



A N
O D E
ON HIS
M A J E S T Y's
B I R T H - D A Y.

I.
FAVOUR'D of Earth and Skies,
See, see, Britannia? happy Parent rise!
See, see, exalted on thy Throne,
A Monarch of our own!
Great GEORGE our King,
His lov'd Offspring;
Charlotte's fair Race,
Each Maid a Grace,
Of sober Joys and Temp'rance the Crown:

C

Examples

Examples of conjugal Bliss,
Of Concord and Joys without Strife;
The very best Husband Her Spouse is,
And Charlotte's the very best Wife.

II.

See, see, Britannia, once again,
See, what our Fathers wish'd, but wish'd in vain?
With Virtues worthy of a Throne,
A Sov'reign of our own;
His Sons a princely Race,
In whom we trace,
Each Royal Feature and each budding Grace:
As Lillies of the Field His Daughters fair,
Make them thy Care;
Ah, sweet Britannia! 'tis a Nation's Pray'r!
Protect Him by Day and by Night,
Ah! grant him at Home and Abroad,
Since Peace is the Monarch's Delight,
The Blessings of Peace for Reward!

III.

See, see, return'd the happy Day,
Fragrant with Flow'rs of May,
That gave Him to thy Hopes, Britannia, fair!

Make

Make Him thy Care,
 Ye azure Powers,
 That watch these Shores in Adamantine Bow'rs !
 Harken and hear,
 Ye blue ey'd Nereids, Guardians of this Isle,
 Upon Him smile !
 Protect Him by Day and by Night,
 Ah ! grant Him at Home and Abroad,
 Since Peace is the Monarch's Delight,
 The Blessings of Peace for Reward !



1838

Make him thy King

Ye anse Terrors

That watch the shores in Adamantine Bow

Hemken and hear

We pine ey'd Nereids Gaze of this life

Upon him dwell

Follow him by Day and by Night

And grant him as Home and Abroad

Since Peace is the Mourners Delight

The Bladders of Peace be